ELLEN,

OR

The Naughty Girl Reclaimed,

A Story,

EXEMPLIFIED IN A

SERIES OF FIGURES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR S. AND J. FULLER, AT THE TEMPLE OF FANCY, RATHBONE PLACE;

Where are also sold Books of Instruction in every Branch of Drawing, Colours, and every Requisite used in Drawing.

1824.

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C. N. SHURY, Printer,
Berwick-street, Soho.

ELLEN,

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The Naughty Girl Reclaimed.

Ellen makes her First Appearance in a White Frock, with a Book at her Feet.

This little girl, whom now you see,
To mind mamma will not agree,
And though her face is fair and mild,
You view a stubborn, naughty child ;—
Nay, Ellen is so wayward grown,
Her book upon the ground is thrown,
And kind mamma, who loves so well,
Can neither make her read or spell :

With little sisters she will fight,
And scratch and pinch—nay, sometimes
bite,
And then doth scream with noise so great,
That people hear her at the gate.
Mamma, at last, quite vexed to find
That no advice will Ellen mind,
Resolves to do whate'er she can,
And still to try one little plan,
Which, if it fails, she then will send
Her far from home without a friend.

Ellen dressed in a Blue Hat and Feather, with a Parasol in her Hand.

In hat so gay and spencer blue,
The little Ellen now you view;
Her dear mamma has bought her these,
In hopes her little girl to please,
Who promises, in milder mood,
She'll now indeed be very good;
Entreats mamma to let her go
And take a walk (with curtsey low);
Permission granted, quick she ran
Upstairs to call her servant Ann;
And off she sets, quite full of glee,
How long it lasts we soon shall see.

Ellen dressed in a Blue Hat and Feather,
with a Parasol in her Hand.

In hat so gay and spencer blue,
The little Ellen now you view;
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And take a walk (with curtsey low):
Permission granted, quick she ran
Upstairs to call her servant Ann;
And off she sets, quite full of glee,
How long it lasts we soon shall see.

Ellen appears in a deplorable Condition, her Frock and Spencer splashed with Mud.

Is this Miss Ellen, late so gay ?
" Ah ! no, it cannot be," you'll say ;
But 'tis, indeed, and much I fear
Of misbehaviour you will hear.
Ellen, in spite of promise made,
Would please herself while out she staid ;
Vainly the maid reproved the child ;
She'd gather every berry wild,
And scrambled up—ah ! sad to tell,
A slippery bank, from whence she fell
Into a muddy ditch, where all
Her clothes were spoil'd—unlucky fall !

Ellen appears in a disgusting Condition,
her Frock and Spencer splashed with
Mud.

Is this Miss Ellen, late so gay?
"Ah! no, it cannot be," you'll say;
But 'tis, indeed, and much I fear
Of misbehaviour you will hear.
Ellen, in spite of promises made,
Would place herself while out she staid;
Widely the maid reproved the child;
She'd gather every berry wild.
And scrambled up—ah! sad to tell,
A slippery bank, from whence she fell
Into a muddy ditch, where all
Her clothes were spoil'd—mulock's fall!

Ellen is now dressed in a coloured Frock and Blue Cloak, with a Bundle in her Hand.

Bless me! what sudden change is this?
Now sent away, without one kiss,
To Nurse, who keeps the village School,
And undertakes the child to rule:
Papa he will no longer see
His little girl so naughty be,
And kind mamma, with tearful eyes;
In vain to plead her pardon tries.

Ellen is now dressed in a coloured Frock
and Blue Cloak, with a Bundle in
her Hand.

Bless me! what sudden change is this?
Now sent away, without one kiss,
To Nurse, who keeps the village School,
And undertakes the child to rule:
Tops he will no longer see
His little girl so naughty be,
And kind mamma, with tearful eyes,
In vain to plead her pardon tries.

Ellen stands in a disgraceful Situation, with the Foolscap on her Head.

Ellen arrives at Nurse's door,
Began her conduct to deplore;
But there, instead of being good,
She sat her down in sulky mood.
The good old dame to coax her tried,
But only met with scornful pride:
At last, when bade her lesson trace,
The book she threw in Nurse's face,
Who on her head the foolscap plac'd,
And here she stands in school disgrac'd.

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At last, when lade her lesson trace,
The book she threw in Nurse's face.
Who on her head the foolscap placed,
And here she stands in school disgraced.

Ellen appears in the Dress of a Gipsey Girl, sitting in a Wood.

Now sadly alter'd Ellen's seen ;
What can this transformation mean ?
Wishing her poor old nurse to fret,
One day she left her in a pet,
And rambled far, till near a wood
At length she hesitating stood ;
Her cloak it caught some gipsey's eyes,
Who soon rush'd forth and seiz'd their
prize :
Poor Ellen scream'd with terror wild,
No friend was near to save the child ;
To strip her soon they did begin,
Then gave the rags you see her in.

Vainly she weeps—she there must stay,
And toil and stoop the live-long day
In gathering sticks within the wood,
With many blows, but little food.
The nights were cold, without a bed,
On which to rest her weary head;
Poor Ellen sick and feeble grew,
Her cheeks they lost their rosy hue;
At last too ill her head to raise,
Upon the cold damp ground she lays,
And cruel gipseys, in a fright,
Forsook her in this wretched plight.
A neat old woman crossed the wood,
To reach her cot that near it stood;
Rescued the child, I'm glad to tell,
Convey'd her home and nursed her well.

Ellen now makes a more pleasing Appearance, in a neat Stuff Gown, with a Book under her Arm.

With modest looks and garments clean,
The little wanderer now is seen,
Bending her steps (well conn'd her book),
To sunday school with anxious look ;
There, to her shame and great disgrace,
Poor children claim the higher place,
And Ellen's silent tears deplore,
Though poor, indeed, they know much more.
No longer arrogant and vain,
But humbly wishing to regain
Her parent's love poor Ellen strives,
To mend her faults with tearful eyes :

Much does she long mamma to see,
And nightly prays it soon may be;
Yet dreads to meet her angry frown,
Repentant of her conduct grown.

Ellen dressed in a Red Cloak, with a Basket of Fruit in her hand.

Quite alter'd now we Ellen find,
Obliging, good, attentive, kind,
The good old dame who nurs'd her well,
Sent her with choicest fruit to sell ;—
A carriage pass'd her on the road,
At sight of which her cheeks they glow'd,
Trembling she stood 'twixt hope and fear,
While silent roll'd the burning tear ;
Mamma scream'd out, with rapture wild,
She caught the features of her child ;

The door was open'd, out she sprung,
And round her neck poor Ellen clung,
Papa to kiss her would not deign,
He sternly bade her stray again,
Go try once more their hearts to break;
These words with falt'ring voice he spake,
For he her downcast look observ'd,
Of grief for anger well deserv'd;
Her humble penitence his love regains,
And Ellen pardon soon obtains;
Alternately she's now caress'd,
By both fond parents truly blest.

Ellen makes her Last Appearance sitting in a Chair with a Book in her hand.

Ellen once more appears in view,
To bid you all a kind adieu,
Her sorrow from her faults begun,
She therefore hopes those faults you'll
shun ;
Both books and work now give delight,
And Ellen learns to read and write ;
Her studies all performed with care,
Praise and improvement take their share,
Anxious her dear mamma to please,
No longer does she fret and tease,
But happily her time she spends,
Lov'd and esteem'd by all her friends.

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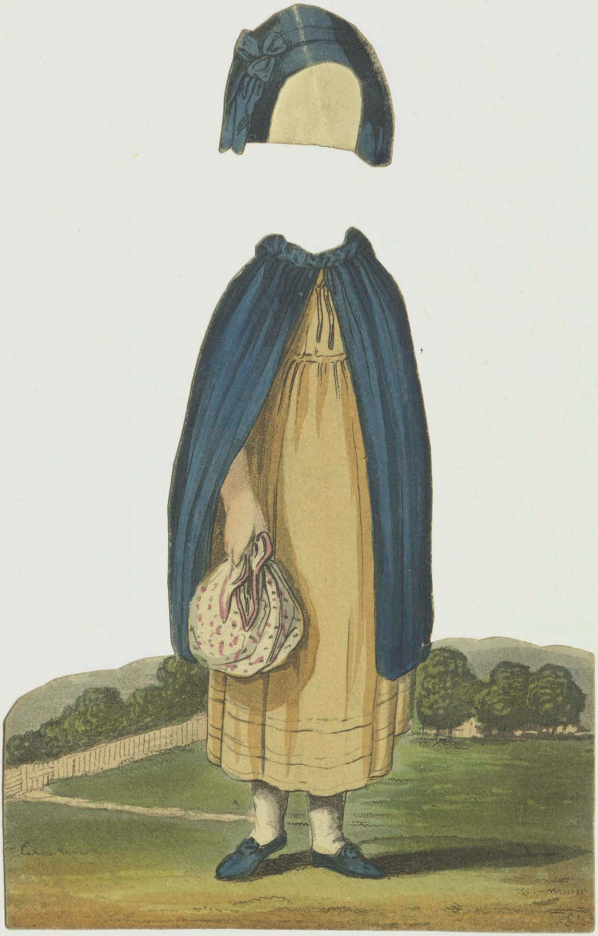
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